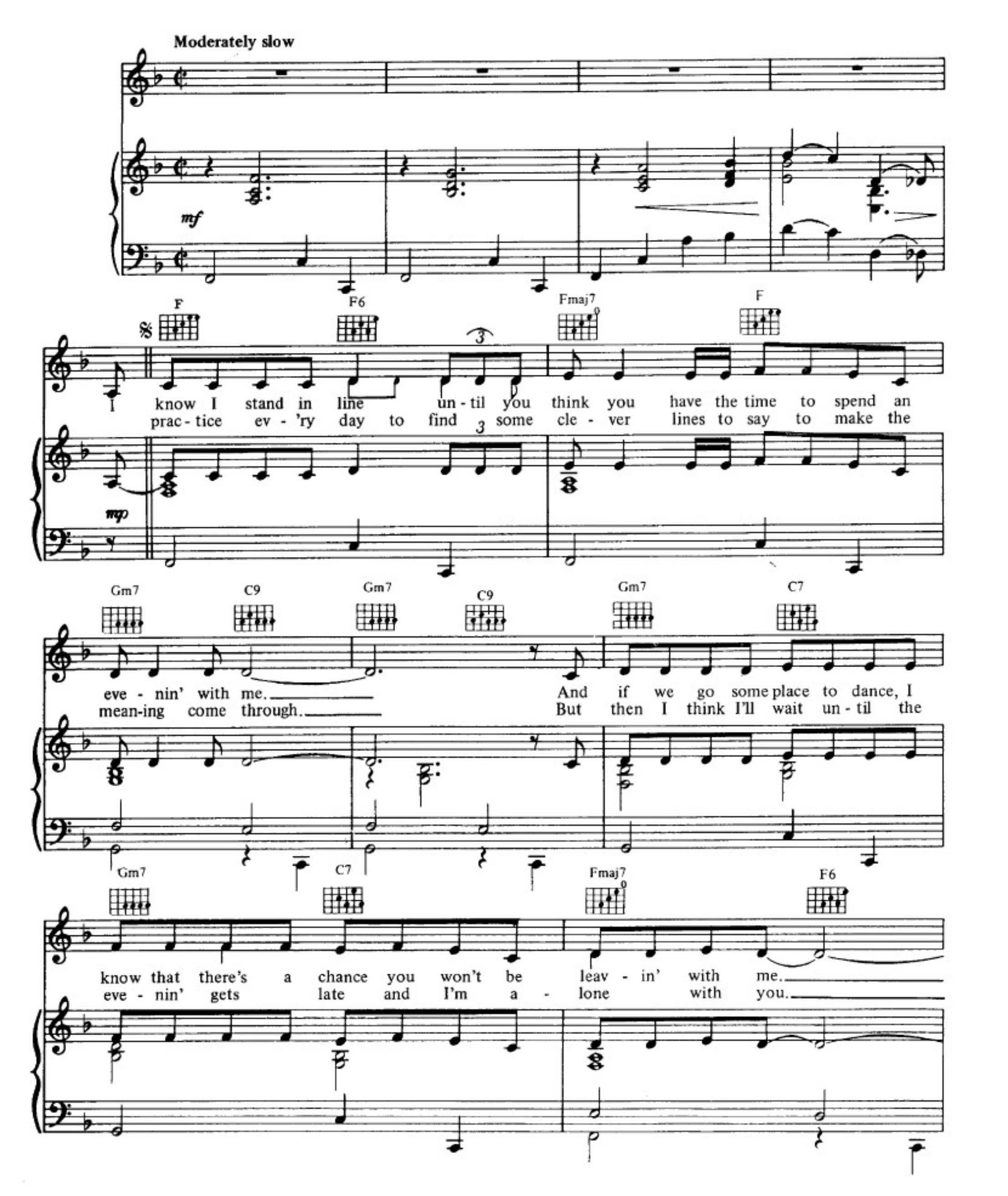
VISIT…

LANZAROTE Caliente.COM

Somethin' Stupid.

Words and Music: C. Carson Parks.



Fmaj7 F6 F7 Cm7

Then af - ter - wards we drop in - to a
The time is right, your per - fume fills my

F7 B♭ B♭6 B♭maj7 B♭6

qui - et lit - tle place and have a drink or two. And
head, the stars get red, and oh, the night is so blue.

C7 Gm7 C7

then I go and spoil it all by say - in' some - thin' stu - pid, like "I

1 C7/F F *To next strain* 2 *Fine* C7/F F

love you." I can love you."

mf

F7 Cm7 F7

See it in your eyes that you de - spise the same old lines you heard the

B♭ B♭6 B♭maj7 B♭6

night be - fore. And

G7 Dm7 G7

though it's just a line to you, for me it's true and nev - er seemed so

C7

right be - fore.

D.S. al Fine 𝄋

I

mp